

The Preacher's Son by innersanctuaries

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Summary:

It was exactly eleven twenty one a.m, right in the middle of worship when Richie noticed him. Pretty little mouth pressed to the mic, a sweet kiss with a sweet melody streaming from that pretty little body. Church had never been his thing, but he thought that he would like to worship the pretty boy on the worship team. Eddie Kaspbrak, the boy that also happened to be the pastor's son.

1. Got My Eye On You

Author's Note:

So, here's the pastor's kid Eddie fic literally nobody asked for. It's still a work in progress, but I do have a good bit of it done and the rest of it well into the planning stages. I'll be posting chapters weekly, and I WILL notify y'all if that changes. But for now, weekly chapters! I'll be updating the tags as I go.

I'm super excited for this one, and I hope you guys like it as much as I do!

Song inspo for this chapter is Take Me To Church and Talk, both by Hozier.

It was exactly eleven twenty one a.m, right in the middle of worship when Richie noticed him. Well, the first time he *really* noticed. Pretty little mouth pressed to the mic, a sweet kiss with a sweet melody streaming from that pretty little body. Mesmerizing fingers flew up and down the neck of a guitar, playing a religious tune, but those fingers looked like they could make Richie a religious man if used correctly.

Cute, cute, cute, Richie thought. Church had never been his thing, but he thought that he would like to worship the pretty boy on the worship team. Eddie Kaspbrak, the boy that also happened to be the pastor's son.

He went from his half hearted singing and swaying to standing stock-still, silently fixated on Eddie. Now, he knew from experience that Eddie kept up the most innocent image he could, but happened to also be the most foul-mouthed, judgmental little prick he'd ever met. Which was saying something, because he himself happened to be a bit of a foul-mouthed, judgmental, not so little prick himself.

The funniest thing of all was that he'd never truly noticed Eddie. Six years at the church with Richie seeing him nearly every Sunday and every holiday service, but he'd never actually *seen* him before today. Sure, they had their little bit of history, and sure the guy might still hate him, but now Richie was thinking.

I want that one.

A guy in front of him kept shifting, and honestly, Richie didn't even know people came in this dude's size. At 5'11" and still growing, he usually didn't have this problem, but he'd apparently decided to stand behind Goliath himself. Where the fuck was David when you needed him? Every time the guy moved, he blocked Richie's view of Eddie, which resulted in him having to lean in the opposite direction the man did, just to keep an eye on the pretty boy with the pretty lips and mesmerizing fingers.

Somewhere around the fifth time Richie moved, his mom shot him a withering glare that just screamed *stop that or I'll kill you*. Begrudgingly, he stopped, because he really did value his life and dying at his mother's hand just didn't sound all that appealing to him.

As worship wound down, Eddie took off his guitar and walked off the stage, going to sit in the front row instead of leaving for the lounge as he usually did. Alright, that was a bit strange, but Richie didn't mind. It only meant he had more time to sit and stare like a dumbass. He must have stared a bit too hard, because Eddie turned suddenly, looking him straight in the eye. Did he know what Richie was thinking? Maybe he was a mind reader and knew that Richie wanted to kiss him 'til they were both dizzy off it, that he wanted to

suck marks into that smooth, unblemished skin of his. Maybe he knew all of that, and maybe he wanted it too.

Or maybe he doesn't , Richie thought as Eddie turned up his nose and sneered at him, looking back to the stage.

Speaking of the stage, the stairs leading up to it creaked as the great pastor Sonia Kaspbrak made her way up to the podium. Richie winced at his own thoughts, remembering exactly what the service was going to be about. It was an amazing week for him and most of his friends, but for everyone in the church it was likely a whole-ass tragedy.

You see, on June 26th, 2015, gay marriage had been legalized for the United States. The Supreme Court released the ultimate ‘fuck you’ to homophobes everywhere and struck down all of the state bans barring them damn homos from getting married, something that had brought Richie to tears. The bad news was that on June 28th, 2015, Sonia Kaspbrak was about to unleash the homophobic sermon of all homophobic sermons, he just *knew it*.

He'd been at the church for too long to not know how much she hated “The Gays” and anyone “confused about their gender”. No, not dislike, she absolutely *hated* them. She must have had those mind reading skills he was thinking about earlier, because she also happened to hate him. The only thing Sonia hated more than anyone LGBT was Richie being anywhere near her precious little Eddie. The woman had no idea just how gay Richie was, but sometimes it felt like she just *knew* .

“Good morning, everyone,” Sonia’s voice rang out, microphone screeching thanks to the useless tech people. Ah well, microphone

feedback was music to his ears compared to her voice. “As you may know, Friday brought this country a great, sinful tragedy.”

The congregation muttered their disgust and agreement, his mother nodding and curling her lip. He nodded along, tears filling his eyes at his own betrayal. The only sin he was committing was lying to the whole room, lying about the person he really was.

“Yes, yes. Homosexuality was legalized, and the idea of traditional marriage has been destroyed by the sinners in this country. It is no longer considered one man and one woman, but a man and a man or a woman and a woman,” The mic screamed again, and a few people in the crowd grumbled, looking up at the tech booth in annoyance. “What next, will the joining of man and animal be legalized? A child and an adult? We, as a country, are regressing, becoming the new Sodom and Gomorrah!”

More agreement from the church, a few people shouting “ *Amen!*” another few clapping. His mother was another few, and he let out a weak “ *Amen*”. Looking over, he found Eddie staring up at Sonia blankly, not a single emotion on his face. Richie wondered if he was even there right then. He knew that he sure as shit wouldn’t be.

“You may all be asking, ‘ *What do we do now? How do we stop all of these sinners?*’ Well, the answer is to pray over these...people,” The way she paused before people made Richie’s blood boil. “They can change, they can become good and sane again!”

If Richie hadn’t been ready to tear this woman to shreds before, he certainly was now.

“We have a lovely testimony of a reformed homosexual today, one that I’m sure will warm your hearts,” His heart dropped to his feet. Reformed homosexual? What the fuck was that supposed to mean? “Eddie, sweetie, come on up here!”

Blood icing over, he dragged his eyes over to Eddie’s shaking figure. Staring at his mother like a deer in headlights, Eddie slowly got up. Richie blinked and he’d already regained his composure, a sugary sweet smile spread across his face as he bounded up the stairs to give his mom a hug. Ignoring the shocked and somewhat outraged muttering of the crowd, he picked up a mic, beaming at Sonia. He spoke in the steadiest voice Richie had ever heard, especially for someone looking at such an angry and hateful crowd.

“I know this may be surprising, but bear with me,” The church was tense, but there were a few people welcoming him, one of which was Richie. He could have sworn that Eddie glanced at him for just a second. “I’m here to tell you all how my mommy and God saved my life from sin.”

Richie dug his nails into his palms in order to stifle a laugh. This kid had to be the only teenager known to mankind that still referred to his mom as “*mommy*”. At the same time, his heart somehow sank deeper, somewhere down past his feet and into the core of the earth.

He could safely say that he had never seen someone’s eyes look as miserable as Eddie’s did through the sermon, speaking of the conversion therapy he’d undergone and just how fantastic it had been for him. The kid went on for at least twenty minutes, detailing the wonders of the therapy and how it had saved him and countless other children.

But his eyes.

Those were the eyes of someone who wanted to get the fuck out of there immediately, whose chest felt like it was about to cave in. That was not the face of someone thankful to their mother, they were the eyes of a resentful, trapped little boy with no way out. Richie's heart *squeezed* , making him feel sick to his stomach.

Your fault, your fault, your fault

"Hey ma, I'm going to go get some coffee. Want anything?" He whispered, already getting up.

"Nothing for me." She said absentmindedly, hyperfocused on Eddie, who happened to be finishing up.

Practically running out of the main sanctuary, Richie made a beeline for the coffee and tried tuning out Eddie's voice over the speakers. He couldn't stand to hear any more of this shit.

"Thank you all for helping me in my journey, and thank God for using his power to save me. Thank you," Eddie's voice said, the church cheering and *amen*' s ringing out from here, there, everywhere.

It wasn't but a minute before the doors to the sanctuary burst open and Eddie ran out, going straight into the bathroom, his breaths coming hard and fast.

Oh, well shit.

He had two options right now. One: he got his coffee and went right back to his mom to listen in on the next hour of sermon, or two: he went into the bathroom after Eddie and got chewed the fuck out by his mom later.

Option two was sounding pretty great, and with the faint sound of retching coming from the bathroom, he was pretty sure that's what he was going for. Grabbing some tea and a mint, he made his way over to the bathroom, hoping he didn't fuck all this up.

"Eddie?" He called out to the seemingly empty bathroom. "I just wanted to say that what happened to you is really fucking shitty and I'm sorry. So, yeah, I brought some tea and I'll just leave it here- holy fuck !"

Screaming, Richie nearly threw both drinks across the bathroom. Eddie was standing right behind him, tears streaming down his cheeks, eyes red and puffy. "Watch where you're fucking swinging that, you could have burned me!"

"Yeah? Then how about you don't hide in the shadows and scare the shit out of me?"

"Aren't you trying to make me feel better? Because this isn't helping," Oh, right. Eddie sniffled, eyes still glossy. He looked more pissed than sad right now, and he wasn't sure if that was an improvement or not.

At least it was a distraction, Richie told himself. “What kind of tea?”

“Tea?” Richie said dumbly.

“Tea, stupid. The one you’re holding right now.”

“What if I said it wasn’t tea?”

“The string from the teabag is literally hanging from the side, you fucking moron,” Eddie said, annoyance obvious in his tone. “What kind?”

“Chamomile. It’s for you,” Holding it out as one would an olive branch, Richie hoped he would take it from him. “My mom says it soothes the nerves, but it’s really hot so be careful.”

Snatching it from Richie’s hand, Eddie stared at it as if it was going to bite him before taking a cautious sip and sighing, tired eyes sliding shut in contentment. “That’s good. Thank you.”

“A mint too, for the throwing up.”

“How’d you—” Eddie asked, panicked, before going back to his church boy smile. “I wasn’t throwing up, don’t worry about me.”

“I could hear you when I was making my coffee,” He responded flatly, unsure why the fake smile put him off as much as it did. Even if it wasn’t positive, he preferred the annoyed look to this smile. “Just take the damn mint, Eds.”

“Don’t call me that,” The smile was gone, replaced with a caged animal look. “Did anyone else hear?”

“No, just my gay ass,” At that moment, Richie decided he was going to push some buttons, see how bad the situation was. “Nice performance up there, didja actually mean any of it?”

“Shut the fuck up, I meant every word,” Voice rising, Richie realized he’d not only struck a nerve, but he may have also greatly overstepped. “I’m healed and you’re *sick*, Richie.”

“So you *do* remember my name!”

“Fuck you,” Eddie spat.

“Come on, it’s been six years. You can’t still hate me,” He lied, knowing full well that if he were in Eddie’s shoes, he would fucking hate himself too.

“Do you know what you caused? What I had to do because of you?” Setting the tea down, Eddie took a step, two steps closer to him. Voice low and dangerous, Richie thought he may have fucked up. “Everything I said up there was because of you. Some tea and a mint

won't do jack shit to fix that.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t,” But he did know, didn’t he? He knew that it was his fault, that one little kiss had been the thing to fuck this all up. “I’m sorry.”

“Yeah?” Stepping right up to Richie’s face, Eddie only had to whisper. “So am I.”

“If you’re so sorry, then stop looking down at my lips,” He breathed, looking Eddie right in the eye.

Stumbling back, Eddie ran into a decorative table, almost knocking over the flowers sitting pretty on top of it. The glare thrown at Richie was one that was so intense it almost actually burned him.

“You’re sick, Richie. Get help.”

With that, he was left in a bathroom alone with his coffee and Eddie’s tea. He noticed that he’d taken the mint.

That one , Richie thought. I want that one.

2. Here I Am To Worship

Summary for the Chapter:

The youth pastor liked to say that Thursday youth services were, unfortunately, “lit”. It sounded strange coming out of the mouth of an already balding thirty something year old man that looked sort of like a chihuahua, but though it made Richie cringe, he decided to go anyway. Not for the pastor, mind you. It was for the guitarist on the worship team, the pastor’s kid, the one and only Eddie Kaspbrak.

Notes for the Chapter:

I know I said I'd update on fridays, but I'm honestly too excited about this chapter to wait. I love these two useless gays so much.

Song inspo for this chapter is Tribulation by Matt Maeson

Dinner was always a quiet affair in the Tozier household.

“Hey, ma?”

“What, Richie?”

“Can I go to the youth group tonight?”

“The youth?” She repeated, surprise obvious in her tone. “At the church?”

“Yeah, at the church.”

“Of course, honey,” She’d perked up simply at the mention of it, God knew how she’d react to him asking if he could go to any other events at the church. “Do you have gas? I’ll give you some gas money if you need it.”

“Mom, church is like ten miles away. I’ll be fine.”

“Sure,” That *“okay, sounds fake, but okay”* tone jumped out at him, making him clench his jaw to bite back any unwanted responses. “I’m very glad you’re finally showing some interest in church.”

“I just thought it was time to get involved.”

From there, they ate in a comfortable silence. Richie hated that he had to lie to get her to be happy, but that’s how it’d been for a good long while, something he’d had to get used to.

For now, all he wanted to think about was getting involved. Not with church, of course, but with a pretty church boy with big brown eyes and lips he couldn’t help but be fixated on. All he knew was that in just over an hour, he would start getting involved.

The youth pastor liked to say that Thursday youth services were,

unfortunately, “lit”. It sounded strange coming out of the mouth of an already balding thirty something year old man that looked sort of like a chihuahua, but though it made Richie cringe, he decided to go anyway. Not for the pastor, mind you. It was for the guitarist on the worship team, the pastor’s kid, the one and only Eddie Kaspbrak.

Obviously.

It was a dark room with too many colorful lights to illuminate it, definitely christian music booming (he heard the word Jesus in a positive context far too many times in the span of a minute for it not to be). He went in expecting a lot of things, and those were all unexpected, but he *really* hadn’t expected to be checked into the nearest wall not thirty seconds after he’d walked in. Glasses going flying, the rest was literally a blur as he landed right on his ass.

“Fuck,” He wheezed, trying to puzzle out what had just happened. Richie wondered if it had been the holy ghost that had knocked him out. Et tu, Jesus? The already dark room was now impossible to see, anything that had originally been discernible now just a blur.

“What the *fuck* are you doing here?” Hissed a familiar voice. “Leave. Now.”

“No can do, Eddie Spaghetti. I can’t see shit,” Richie looked in Eddie’s general direction and hoped he was looking at the right person because, well, he was merely a blind bitch. “Get me my glasses and I’ll be out of your-”

CRUNCH

The sound of his glasses being crushed under his own dumb-ass foot had never caused him so much joy. The automatic reaction to crushing his glasses was apparently to yelp and then promptly fall back on his stupid ass. “Oh. Looks like you’re stuck with me.”

“Gosh I fucking hate you.”

“ *Gosh?*”

“Shut up. I don’t use the Lord’s name in vain, unlike *you* ,” Eddie sneered.

“Yeah, but you talk a lot of shit for a good little christian boy, don’t you?”

“Shut *up* ,” Sighing, Eddie helped him up, barely giving him the time to snatch up his mangled glasses. “What the *fuck* are you wearing?”

Looking down, he brought the fabric of his shirt close to his face in order to see it. Orange hawaiian print, of course. “It’s tropical!”

“It’s hideous, that’s what it is. Never show up in the Lord’s house with some dumb shit like that on again.”

“Why, is it against the bible or something?”

“No, it’s a hate crime against my eyes.”

Making an indignant noise, he started at Eddie grabbing his arm and leading him towards what kinda looked like the front of the room. Everything was still a blur, but the feeling of Eddie’s warm, soft hand on his bare arm brought a smile to his face. They stopped, and he was all but thrown back into a chair.

“You’re going to sit your ass down right here and said ass is going to *stay* sitting there- what the fuck are you smiling about?”

“I love it when you get rough with me, Eds,” Wagglng his brows, Richie yelped when he got smacked upside the head.

“Don’t call me that. Just do me a huge favor and shut the fuck up. I’ll fucking kill you if you fu- hey Pastor Brandon!”

Eddie’s voice practically raised an octave, breaking a little. Trying his best not to snort, Richie peeked his head out from behind Eddie and found a fuzzy figure not much taller than Eddie, if at all.

“Hey there Eddie! Who’s your new friend?” The pastor’s voice was high and nasal, and just a bit grating.

“Name’s Richard Tozier, sir. But you can call me Richie.”

“Nice to meet you, River. Welcome to United Youth! I hope you get to know how totally epic everyone here is,” Thankfully, he didn’t think Brandon saw him wince at the outdated lingo. Double thankfully, he seemed ready to leave. “Eddie, up on the stage in five.”

“Gotcha, P.B.”

With that, the pastor was gone. It wasn’t that he wasn’t a nice guy, it was just that Richie really wasn’t here to socialize with anyone but Eddie.

“Did you just call him P.B? Like, peanut butter?”

“Like Pastor Brandon, you stupid bastard.”

“ *I’m* the stupid bastard? He couldn’t get my name right even though I told him what it was five fucking seconds before that!”

“Are you calling the pastor stupid?”

“No, I’m saying that God skimped on the brain cells while making him.”

Eddie scoffed, and he was pretty sure he was about to throttle Richie. “Could you not be a dick for like, five seconds while I do worship? At least fake being christian until I get back.”

“What the hell do you think I do at home? I can fake it better than a girl can fake an orgasm.”

He was pretty sure Eddie wrinkled his nose, especially after getting smacked upside the head again. Sighing, Eddie turned and left towards the makeshift stage right in front of him. Okay, he could sit pretty and not do anything stupid for half an hour.

The moment the music started, he could feel himself relax. He may not like church, but he did like the worship. Singing, though he was a bit tone deaf, always made him feel a bit better than he had beforehand. It was simply a fact, and worship was the time where nobody really gave a shit how off-key you sing, because it's for the Lord. Obviously. So he stood, waiting for a song to start, and the moment he did, he was stunned into silence.

Eddie's voice was just as beautiful as he was. In the adult service, Eddie only played once a month when the youth joined the adults, and he always sang backup. What a fucking mistake, the kid deserved to be front and center every time. The music actually spoke to Richie for the first time in his life, making his heart clench and creating a whole flock of butterflies in his stomach.

There was a tug in his chest, something almost painful that he'd really only felt in years past. His mind went to ice cream on sunny days, hot cocoa in the pastor's living room on cold ones. Suddenly, he wanted to go back six years, just to go swimming in the quarry with Eddie once more, to see that smile of his directed at him one more time. Just once more, and he could die a happy man.

God, if nothing else, hear me when I say I need him

When worship ended, it was like there was like he'd actually gained something from it. Not anything religious, mind you, but a purpose. Now he really and truly knew that he needed one thing and one thing only: Eddie fucking Kaspbrak.

"You good?" Eddie whispered, settling in next to him and snapping him out of whatever daze he'd been in. Their thighs were touching, and Richie could feel his cheeks heating just because of that.

"Why, are you worried?" Stupid. He literally couldn't just say yes?

"No, I just don't want you to fuck up the service by passing out or some shit, fuckhead." Eddie said in a clipped tone. He had been genuine in asking, and Richie had gone and messed that one right up.

"Don't worry about me, I'll live."

"Unfortunately, I think you're right. Now shut up, the service is starting."

The service was, as expected, boring as fuck. It likely would have been better if not for the fact that, to put it very simply, he couldn't see jack shit. But alas, the blind bitch sat there for an hour and listened to Brandon drone on and on about something like trusting in God. Richie just couldn't see (*ha*) how one could sit and blindly trust in someone you don't even know is there, but whatever floats your

boat.

One thing he could definitely appreciate about the whole ordeal was the amount of time he spent with his thigh pressed to Eddie's. In fact, their hands brushed up against each other at least once. It was enough to leave Richie a blushing mess. He honestly and truly felt like he was a child with a crush instead of a legal adult with very gay feelings for a very repressed gay dude. The situation was a bit more than a little humiliating, even if he was the only person who knew what was actually going through his own head.

"Is it over?" Richie asked, fake yawning and stretching. He tried his best not to pout when Eddie stood up. His thigh already felt colder.

"Yes, dumbass," He reached down to grab Richie's hand, helping him up. "How are you planning on leaving? Do you need a ride?"

"From you? Definitely."

He should have expected it, but he got smacked for the third time that night, leaving him a giggling mess and Eddie a blushing one.

"I'm serious! Do you need a ride home?"

"Course not, I have spare glasses in the car!"

"...are you telling me I've been helping you for nothing?"

“Yep.”

“I fucking hate you.”

Eddie grabbed his hand again, more gently this time. Heart pounding, Richie wished not for the first time that he could see. The feeling of Eddie’s warm and gentle hand in his felt right in more ways than one, and he couldn’t help but to feel twelve years old all over again. Maybe the feeling he hadn’t been able to put his finger on back then was something like love. Maybe he’d been in love with Eddie.

And maybe, just maybe, he still was.

Author’s Note:

I hope you guys enjoyed it! Please comment feedback, it helps keep me motivated and helps me know what you guys do and don't like!

Follow me on instagram at [archangelica_angelica](#) or on tumblr at [eddiesdeaddie](#) if you want to get in touch or just to watch me shitpost!